

THE GUY RIVER

Saturday, August 29, 1868.



(Drawn by H. Woods.)

"I took him in his little chair to the warmest spot I could find."—p. 787.

A WATERY WEAKNESS.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

A H-H-H! There, don't you take no notice of my groaning, sir; that's my back, that is, and all along of that bit of lawn-mowing and sweeping, with the sun on it sometimes, and the rain on it sometimes, and the perspiration on it always. Nice bit o' green swade, though, as any in the county—spongy, and springy, and clean. Deal o' worrit though, to get it to rights, what with the

worms a-throwing up their casties, and them old starlings pegging it about and tearing it to rags, and then the daisies coming up all over it in all directions. There aint nothing like daisies: cut their heads off, and they like it; spud 'em up, and fresh tops come; stop 'em in one place, sir, and they comes up in another. I can't get riddy of 'em. That bit o' lawn would be perfect if it wasn't for the daisies, sir; but they will come up, and like everything else in this life, sir, that there lawn aint perfect. They will come, you know: they will live, and you can't kill 'em. They aint like some things in this life that won't live, do all you can to make 'em.

There, don't you take no notice of them; they aint tears, they aint; that isn't crying, that's a sort o' watery weakness in the eyes through always being a gardener all your life, and out in the wet. Only, you know, when I get talking about some things living do all you can to kill 'em—such as weeds, you know, and daisies; and of some things not living, do all you can to make 'em, like balsams in frosty springs, you know—I think about my boy, sir, as was always such a tender plant, do all I would, and about all the plans I'd made for him, and all cut short by one o' the sharp frosts as the good Master of all sends sometimes in every garden, whether it's such a one as this, sir, with good shelter, and a south aspect, and plenty of warm walls for your trained trees, or the big garden of life, sir, with the different human trees a-growing in it; some fair plants growing to maturity, and sending out fine green leaves, well veined and strong, well-shaped blossoms of good colour and sweet smell, fair to look upon, sir, and doing good in this life; sturdy, well-grown trees of men, and bright-hued, tender, loving plants of women; some with tendrils and clinging ways—the fruitful vines upon your house, sir—and many clustering blossoms of children; and bad weeds, and choking thorns, and poison-berries, and all. Life's just one big garden, sir, and when I stick my spade in like this here, and rest my foot on it, and my elber on the handle, and my chin on my hand, I get thinking about it all in a very strange way, oftens and oftens.

Say I get a bit of ground ready, sir, and put seed in, sir. That's faith, aint it? I put those little tiny brown grains in, and I know in all good time, according as the great God has ordained, those tiny grains will come up, and blow, and seed in their turns. Not all though, sir; some gets nipped, and never comes to anything, spite of all your care, some slowly shrivels away, and those that do are generally the best.

That's the watery weakness again, sir. Don't you take no notice of that; only, you know, whatever I get talking about seems, somehow or other, to work round to my poor boy as we've laid

in the earth over yonder by the old church—a human seed, sir, sowed in corruption, to be raised in incorruption, eh, sir, eh? Those are the words, aint they? And that's faith, too, you'll say.

We were quite old folks when we married, you see, not being able to afford it early in life, and when that boy was born, being an odd, old-fashioned gardener of a man, I was always looking upon him as a sort of plant sent to me to bring up to as near perfection as we can get things in a garden that isn't Eden, sir. And there I used to sit at dinner hours or teas having my pipe, as made the little thing sneeze, but kept away blight, you know; and then I used to plot and plan as to how I'd work him; how, every now and then, I should, as he grew, carefully loosen all the earth about his tender young fibres, and give him some of the best, well-mixed, rich soil when I repotted him, shaking it well in amongst his roots, giving him room to grow, every now and then, by putting him in a larger pot, watching carefully for blight, taking away all green moss, giving him proper light and air, and all the time while it was nursery gardening, treating him as his tender nature required.

Light, rich, loamy soil I meant him to have as soon as he was fit to go on a border, and then I meant to train him, sir; ah, that I did! I'd made up my mind that no one else should touch him, but that I'd train him myself. A weed shouldn't come near him, nor slug, nor snail neither, if I knew it, but I'd cover him over, and shelter him from all frosts, and then watch him grow and grow in the light and warmth of God's beautiful sunshine. And let me tell you that you people who live in your big towns don't know the real pleasure there is in seeing a young plant grow day by day, putting forth its wonderful leaves from out some tiny bud, where they have lain snugly shut up from the winter's frosts, then the beautifully-painted flowers with their sweet scents. There, sir, when I go to bed every night, in my humble fashion, I thank God that I was made a gardener, with the chance through life of watching his wondrous works, and how he has ordained that man, by industry and skill, can change the wild, worthless weed or tree into the healthy, life-supporting vegetable or fruit. And yet I don't know but what I'm doing you town-dwellers a wrong, for I've seen many a pale face in your close, crowded courts watching patiently over some sickly, sun-asking flower in a broken pot, watering it, maybe, with a cracked jug, and then I've longed to put that pale face down in such a place as my garden here—I call it mine, you know, though it's master's—to watch it brighten, and see, as I've often seen before now, the tears of joy come into the eyes of that pale face because things were so beautiful. There's nothing like gardens, sir, to make people good and pure-hearted, for

there's something about flowers that leads the thoughts up and up, higher and higher. There's religion in gardens, sir, and I think if you put beautiful flowers within reach of people, sir, you do them more good than by showing them grand buildings and sights. There's a something in flowers, sir, that makes its way to the heart—not only in the grandest blossoms, but in the simplest; and I aint going to set up for a prophetic person, sir, but I mean to say that as long as this world lasts there will always be a tender love in every human heart for the little, gentle, sweet-scented violets. I've lived in big towns myself, and seen the girls with their baskets full of fresh-gathered blossoms, nestling amongst green leaves, with the water lying upon them in big, bright beads, and when, being only a poor man, I've spent my penny in a bunch of the fragrant little blossoms, and held it to my face, what have I breathed in?—just the scent of a violet? Ah, no! but God's bright country—far away from the smoke, and bricks, and mortar—and health and strength, and then it would be that a great longing would come on me to be once again where the wind blew free and the sun shone brightly.

That was, you know, when I went up to London to better myself, and didn't; thinking, you know, to get to be gardener to some great man, or in one of the societies, but there wasn't room for me.

I've heard about some poet saying something about a man to whom a primrose by the river's brim was a yellow primrose, and nothing more. I wonder what sort of a man that was, who could look upon the simplest flower that grows, and not see in it wonder, majesty, grandeur—a handiwork beside which the greatest piece of machinery made by man seems as it were nothing. But then, sir, that's always the way with violets and primroses, they always have a tendency towards bringing on that watery weakness. They do it with hundreds, bless you, if given at the right times. They're so mixed up with one's early life, you see, and with days when everything looked so bright and sunny; and with some people, I suppose, that is the reason why they act so upon them; while with me, you see, there's something else, for when I think of them, I can always see two little bunches lying upon a little breast, with never a breath to stir them,—bright blossoms, smelling of the coming spring-time, but soon to be shut from the light of heaven, and buried deep, deep with that seed to be raised where chill winds never come, where the flowers are never-fading, and where the light of love shines ever upon those thought worthy to enter into that garden of life everlasting.

For it was all in vain, sir: it was not to be. I made all my plans, I took all the care I could, I meant to train and prune and cut out all foreright

and awkward growths, I meant that boy to be something to be proud of; but it was not to be: he was not to blossom here,—this did not seem to be his climate; and though I wouldn't see it, sir, there was the plain fact, that there was a canker somewhere out of sight where it could not be got at; and though I tried, and the doctor tried, all we knew, it was of no use, and at last I was obliged to own that my little fellow was slowly withering away. I used to have him out in his little chair in a sheltered spot, when there was sunshine, and give him a bunch of flowers to play with; but at last he grew too weak to be taken out, so I used to take him some flowers home, and it was always the same, he would hold them in his hand till they withered away, and then cry to see how they were faded.

And at last there came a day when he did not seem any worse than usual. It was one of those soft, bright, warm, spring days, that come in all at once, setting the buds bursting, the birds building, and your heart seeming to drink in a kind of joy from the soft breeze. I'd been to dinner, and was going back to the garden, to finish a bit of nailing in over there upon the south wall, that ought to have been done long before. Well, I'd got to the door, when my poor little fellow burst out crying to go with me; and at last, seeing how bright and warm it was, and how sheltered he would be there, under the sunny wall, we wrapped him up, and I took him in his little chair to the warmest spot I could find, gave him some violets and primroses, and a crocus and snowdrop or two, and then I was soon up on my ladder, nailing away, laying in young wood there, moving a branch here, and, being fond of my work, and soon interested, I was sometimes a quarter of an hour together without looking at our little fellow; but I was down four times to pick him a fresh flower or two, and the last time I was down I thought he seemed a little drowsy.

At last I got off to move my ladder, and had my foot on the round to get up again, when I looked at the little chair, and started to see that my boy was lying fast asleep, when, for fear of cold, I caught him up, and carried him towards our cottage; but I had not gone half-way, before a strange shudder seemed to run through me, and I stopped short to look in the little face, saying something that I knew would make him smile if he heard it; and then, hardly knowing what I did, I rushed home with my light burden, whose little hands were tightly holding some of God's early gifts of spring against the little breast now growing colder and colder.

No, sir, he didn't hear me; but there was just the faint dawning of a smile about his little mouth: for God is very kind to some of those he loves, and there was no sign of pain there as he went to

sleep. And I can't think that I'm wrong, sir, in always fancying my boy where never-fading flowers bloom, for he was too young to have ever angered his Maker; and besides, sir, did He not say, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

Don't you take no notice of me, sir: that's a watery weakness; but, now, just look there, sir,

I went over every bit of that lawn reg'lar, last week, and then there wasn't a bit of daisy to be seen; while now, here they are coming up in a bunch. But it really is the case with flowers, sir, that those you want to kill and get rid of won't die, while those you wish to save— There, don't take no notice of me, sir: it's only a watery weakness.

BRUTALITY TO BRUTES.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

IN the simple Old Testament times and manners, our first introduction to Rebekah is by her graceful act of equal hospitality to Eliezer and to his weary beasts. No welcome from the lips of high-born London lady could exceed the courtesy depicted in the kindly words: "And when she had done giving him drink, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also." This was justice as well as pity. The need of the camels was equally pressing, perhaps more so, than that of their master. They had served him, it was only honest requital that he should serve them. The kindness of Rebekah acknowledged the claim of both.

The right of the domestic animals to our consideration is founded on the nature of things. With all his god-like faculties, who is more helpless than man himself, when stripped of the aids which he constantly receives from those numerous classes of inferior creatures whose qualities, powers, and instincts are so admirably and wonderfully constructed for his use? If in the examination of their natural instincts, we could discover *nothing else* but a singular adaptation to man's wants—if the lower animals presented no organs for their *own* gratification, no sensibility to pain or pleasure, no grateful appreciation of kindness, no capacity for suffering from neglect or injury, no senses analogous, though inferior, to our own, there might be some paltry excuse for simply making the best use for ourselves of the property in and dominion over them, which God has bestowed upon man; but when it is remembered, that it requires no extensive acquaintance with the science of natural history to perceive that the infinitely just and impartial God of Nature has provided every creature on earth with special organs and sensations for its *own* use and enjoyment, as well as, in the case of the domestic animals, for the service of man, then it is clear that God intended their rights to be as sacred, and as entitled to respect, as our own. Almost every sense with which man is endowed is equally theirs. Seeing, hearing, feeling, thinking, the

sense of pain and pleasure, emotions of love and anger, and sensibility to kindness or oppression, are inseparable characteristics of *their* natures as well as of our own. Moreover, all our experience and observation tends to show that pity is on the side of policy—that the inferior animals are most useful when least abused—and thus in this, as in every other case, our duties and our interests are obviously identified. Mercy in all things is the best policy in man, as it is the highest attribute of God. Is it not a cruel contradiction then, which some maintain, arguing from the peculiar instincts of certain animals—such as the alleged antipathy between the bull and the dog, and the ardour of the hunting-horse in the chase—that any creatures were made and ordained to be tortured? It might be as fairly contended, from the wars and oppressions between nations and classes of mankind, that men were ordained to fight, and be oppressed. In both instances, whether of animal torture or of human wrong, it is a transgression and departure from the law of their being. It is a gloomy attestation to the existence and baneful operation of sin in the world. It is a spectacle to abase us, to make us blush, and weep with them that weep. Our original creation, and that of the animals, are both of the earth, earthy; dust we are, and unto dust we both return. The only difference between us constitutes a stronger plea in their favour—viz., if they have no after life, as we have, this is an additional reason why their short life that now is should not be unnaturally made shorter, or oppressed, because they cannot be compensated in a future world. God forbid! He whose "tender mercies are over all His works," gave them their charter in His creation equally with our own. His precept is—"And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat: and it was so"—and it must be so. Their right to the fruits of the earth is precisely the same as our own—viz., the original grant of the Divine Proprietor, for "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" and not

only so, "all the beasts of the forest are his," and so are the sheep upon a thousand hills, and a strict account of our dealings with them, their God and ours will require at our hands.

Besides, St. Paul reminds us, "every creature of God is good;" good after its kind, good for its natural use; and therefore none can be despised nor oppressed, without the sin of contempt against their God and ours. Wanton injury, or gratuitous cruelty, inflicted even on those creatures which, like the alligator, tiger, or serpent, are obnoxious to human safety, is a reflected offence against their Maker, and a trespass upon the purpose contemplated by their creation. All of them have a purpose to fulfill, for "the Lord hath created all things for himself." It is true, dangerous beasts may be legitimately destroyed. It is clear from the language of Scripture there are "brute beasts made (or appointed) to be destroyed." Their very destruction supplies the provision for other creatures. There is every year an interesting illustration of this economy of life promoted by death, witnessed in the gardens opposite my house in Chelsea. There is an acacia-tree, which every spring is denuded of its leaves by swarms of caterpillars, which cover the whole tree from the trunk to its remotest twig. When the caterpillars are full-grown and fatted with the spoil of the green leaves, they are at once removed by innumerable birds, as they afford the softest and most suitable food for their young ones. After a time, the seemingly dead tree again puts forth a fresh mass of foliage, and the young birds, which had been fed by its destroyers, unconsciously sing the praises of God among its hospitable branches.

If there were no wise arrangements by which the birds and beasts of prey subsist upon each other, their prolific progeny would consume all the fruits of the earth; myriads of them would be constantly dying by inches, and their innumerable carcasses would so putrefy the air, that the earth would become one universal scene of festering corruption and death. Hence God in his wisdom and mercy sacrifices their lives by millions for the life of man; consequently, it is as ungenerous as it is gratuitously wicked for men to multiply their tortures. Even the vermin that excite our predicted enmity and disgust; "the poor beetle that we tread upon, which in corporal suffering feels a pang as great as when a giant dies;" the meek worm that turns upon the heel that crushes it, not in anger but in anguish, the writhings of whose physical agony assume the appearance of an impotent resentment; and the pretty insects that float upon the invisible wings of the sunbeams—all are the humble ministers to our health and comfort. Like Nature's scavengers, they remove by consuming the carcasses of the dead and dying creatures, which would otherwise poison

the air, and soon render the atmosphere one mighty sepulchre wherein to entomb all animal vitality. That was a gracious sentiment uttered by a popular writer, as he gently put aside out of harm's way a little insect which he had captured, "I will not kill thee; the world is large enough for us both."

Again, the Holy Scriptures summon our attention to a rich variety of moral and industrial lessons, which we may glean, if not too proud to stoop to such tutors as quadruped instructors. There is the hint of fidelity from the dog, gratitude from the ox and the ass, diligence and forethought from the ant, watchfulness and perseverance from the spider, and parental care and tenderness from them all. But if we could learn *nothing* from them, could get nothing; if, on the contrary, they merely disputed with us, as competitors for the possession of the earth, and of its produce, apart from any exchange or return whatever, still we should have no right to blame their Creator, much less to hurt or destroy them with unnecessary cruelty, because their right to life and food is as clear, divine, and holy as our own.

The third general ground on which we denounce cruelty to animals, is its brutalising influence on the cruel themselves.

This effect was so well understood by the ancients, that cruelty of this kind was severely punishable by their statutes. One of the laws of Triptolemus was—"Hurt no living creature" ("Archæol. Græc.," bk. i., chap. xxvi.). The child that tyrannises over the lower creatures, betrays the first index of a despotic and cruel man to his fellow-creatures. When the monster Domitian was first advanced to the imperial throne of Rome, he amused himself with tormenting and killing flies; his subsequent career was to torture and destroy his subjects. Our great moral painter, Hogarth, in delineating a series of youthful profligacies which issued in a barbarous murder, introduces the culprit in his childhood tormenting a wretched dog. Well may the poet warn us:—

"Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.

Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule

By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man.
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn."

St. Paul admonishes us to "resist the beginnings of evil." On this principle, a Christian parent will check his child for killing or tormenting the meanest insect. To make a sport of suffering in any shape, has a hardening effect upon the heart, impairing the natural instinct of sympathy, which is as indispensable and distinct a sense of the human mind, as the sense of touch or taste. Let this tender fraternising quality become blunted or

vitiated, the child grows up a monster, not a man. How many a name of the homicide or murderer, written on our calenders of crime, was first smeared in the gore of tortured insects, like a bloody ensign on the window-pane of its profaned home!

To delight in suffering of any kind—to revel in the convulsions of a baited bull, or in the racked sinews of a frantic racehorse, or the pantings of a hunted fox or hare, or the cruel mutilations of a dog or cock fight, or in the fierce struggle for life of the badger or otter, or in the bitter impaling of a fish—which sports once disgraced our national character, and some of which still indulge and stimulate the venatory instincts in man's fallen nature, occasioning a vast amount of gratuitous animal suffering, all tend to brutalise and debase the mind. The poor brutes avenge their wrongs by the retributive degradation of their oppressors to a level with themselves, like a tyrannical slave-owner becoming to himself a slave. If a gracious and loving God exercised his power over us, as man abuses his power over his inferior creatures—if the ruling hand of our heavenly Lord and Master always dealt with the scourge, and his word was ever accompanied by a blow, this earth of ours would be an antepast of hell, or as miserable a drama of hopeless thralldom as man often makes it for the poor helpless creatures who depend upon us for their food and ease, protection and shelter.

We involved them in our sin, surely they should share in our mercies. Well may St. Paul exclaim: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now—waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body,"—waiting for that philanthropic, glorious crisis, which will be the end of pain and penalty, and the last chapter in the chronicles of sin and sorrow. Then in the glowing stanzas of Isaiah: "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:"—and why? "For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea;" and under its filial waves of universal amnesty, reconciliation, love, and adjusting mercy, "death shall be swallowed up of victory."

Thus it is the rule and tendency of the knowledge of Christ to evoke universal peace and fellow-kindness, and to extend the yearning of its bowels of mercy, far as the Redeemer's kingdom is to reach, over "everything wherein is the breath of life," reverencing the sacred spark enkindled in

the skies, even where it is found burning in no mean a shrine as the organisation of a glow-worm.

When I pass on the highway a lean, overburthened ass, crouching, alike from want and weariness, under a load disproportioned to its strength, and mark its ruffian driver beating with a bludgeon its head and loins, till the miserable beast, half frantic with agony and bewilderment, at a loss which way to turn, falls down as if to seek rest in death, and lies as though it were dead, insensible to the storm of infuriated blows by which its inhuman tyrant in vain endeavours to goad it on its legs again—when some sympathising passer-by venturing an appeal to spare it, is met by a volley of oaths and abuse, during which diversion the animal has a momentary respite—when I have marked the patient and forgiving look, and the big tear, like a man's, trickling down the creature's face gently and silently, as if it even wept meekly, lest a more obtrusive sign of misery should provoke a fresh infliction—I have remembered Him, who rode in his lowly majesty into Jerusalem, sitting upon one of them, and thought there was a day coming when his almighty power, that opened the mouth of an ass "to rebuke the madness of the prophet," would make the memory of their wrongs speak a fearful judgment in the condemnation of their oppressors!

Might there not have been something significant of the general tenor of these reflections, in the appointment of a domestic cock to be the unconscious minister of rebuke to Peter, the fowl's unconscious fealty to its lowly office contrasting strongly with the unwatchfulness and blasphemous denials of the apostle? There are many who, remembering their participation in the barbarous pastime of the cock-pit or other cruel sports, may well repent, and be ashamed of the low and vulgar inhumanity of such sins against God in the persons of his suffering creatures. There are many—perhaps some among our readers—whose unfaithfulness to Christ, whose forsworn vows of obedience to his Gospel, whose grievous backslidings and denials of their Lord and Saviour, whose pusillanimous dread of his cross, envenomed by the scorn, the wormwood, and the gall of the ungodly, has left them no other fitting posture except the son of Jonas's, who, when the cock crew, went out and wept bitterly. With this practical moral let us close. If all the rest of our reflections be forgotten, let this be remembered. Then with the soul's imbibing a Christian spirit—the humane accompanies the devout—we shall have no heart to ignore the dues of a groaning and travailing creation. We shall rather groan and travail with them. As St. Paul has put it, "Not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within our-

selves, waiting for the adoption." We shall pray, and long, and sigh for the on-coming day, when the music that struck its first sacred note in Bethlehem, shall charm an expectant universe in tune to its sweet minstrelsy, and "on the bells of the horses shall be holiness to the Lord."

Instead of cruel, indifferent, heartless thoughts concerning all creatures doomed to die, for the safety or the food of man, let us lift an eye of faith upon the appointment, as a perpetual homily and

illustration of the one grand covenant atonement for the sin of man, by the blood and righteousness of their Maker; and let us be humbled at the reflection that, "for us they suffer and for us they die." The sin that made man mortal, infected with his doom of death all living things, but as the representatives of all things living went up into the ark of Noah, the antitype of that fact, is their ultimate interest in the salvation of the Ark of Christ.

NECESSITY AND LUXURY.



O two persons are, perhaps, exactly agreed upon the boundary-line which should separate the absolute necessities of life from its luxuries. With the very poor, habituated to scant clothing, restricted to hard and meagre fare, and limited, too often, to the barest decencies in the way of household accommodation, the things needful to mere existence may be summed up at a figure inconceivably small in the opinion of those more happily provided with the good things of this world. Taking into account alone the covering of the body, the distinction is assuredly a somewhat wide one between the simple garb of an English cottager and the innumerable swathings of an Oriental: such an amount of clothing being frequently carried by the latter as to render any attempt at walking abortive, the effort to move the limbs resulting in a heavy swaying of the entire figure from side to side—a species of locomotion described by an eye-witness as "one of the most singular misdirections of human energy that wondering man ever saw." To what absurdities of costume, indeed, we may, by fashion, or the gradual force of luxurious habits, become at length the slaves, is almost incredible; and it behoves us to look earnestly about us, and to bring ourselves to a knowledge of man's real wants in this respect, as well as in the article of food and other equally important matters, before we shall become so morally blinded by usage as to lose the sense to see and comprehend what alone is truly needful to our well-being. It may be said that it does not become any one member of society to prescribe to his neighbours what he may himself consider to be the sum of their actual necessities. These may reply—

"Oh, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts."

Be it so. All that is insisted on is, that every one should try to ascertain for himself, with

some degree of certainty, the point at which his actual wants end and his mere indulgences begin. Every man is the better for such self-discipline. Were each individual in the human hive in his turn to become a worker, instead of playing the drone, he would be better able to judge for himself what are his own capacities of endurance, as well as better able to discern how very little of the honey of this world's wealth is really essential to the sweetening of his labours. It is well, occasionally, for the post-captain to quit his stand on the quarter-deck and take a spell at the oar, if only to strengthen his thews and sinews, and acquaint himself of what mettle he is framed. Of the prisoners in the Affghan war—among whom was at least one lady, the heroic Lady Sale, bred up in the lap of luxury—we are told that they were reduced, not only to the necessity of washing their own linen, but, as their clothes wore out, were only too thankful to receive as a gift from their captors a piece of calico, together with a little flax, which with their own hands they were obliged to spin into thread before they could convert the humble material afforded them into wearable garments.

Now, there are very many worthy women in the middle ranks of life who think it no particular hardship to make their own apparel, even to their best visiting dresses; yet there are few, we believe, who would not at first sight consider that a little silk or cotton, ready twisted or reeled to their hand, as positively necessary to the success of their delicate manipulations. Yet the raw material, in the hands of those whose teaching had been in the hard but chastening school of adversity, was found to be sufficient to meet the exigences of the time; and the maker and wearer of those humble garments lived to return to her native country, respected and honoured for her graceful and cheerful yielding to the force of untoward circumstances which the voice of duty had called her to endure.

When, in the reign of the Czar Peter the Great, the legions of Russia marched to the Crimea and

seized on the stronghold of Perekop, the royal head and director of the enterprise was quietly earning an appetite for his noonday meal in a ship-carpenter's yard at Amsterdam: doubtless, the labour he delighted in "physick'd" the pain of being absent from his army in such an hour of conquest. Even the heir of England's throne has not disdained to take a turn at the chisel and the saw—as royal a method as we know of making "good digestion wait on appetite." Perhaps the happiest moments ever tasted by king or kaiser have been those when, casting aside for a brief space, under the impulse of some earnest purpose, the barren luxuries of the great, and assuming the labours of the lowly, the hand has found out its cunning, and the freshened mind has gathered up its strength for the work of common men. None, save those who have tried it, can conceive how sweetly rest comes after toil, even though the worker lie stretched on the bare ground—sweeter far than the half-repose snatched amid the tossing of "restive sloth" that "finds the down pillow hard."

During some brief space, then, stolen from a life of luxurious self-indulgence, it is well that every man should take work upon him, to earn the bread he eats with the sweat of his brow, and feel for once the warmed blood sent healthfully coursing through his veins beneath the spur of aroused self-exertion. He who does so will find his account in many an after-suggestion of usefulness. Those who have had their eyes once well opened to even a single one of all the many delusions which obtain on the subject of the necessities of life, will be able to look with cleared vision on the true state of things around them. They will be brought to know that the imaginary wants of their own more artificial life in an age of over-civilisation have no existence in the stronghold of nature, and that what is "one man's meat is another man's poison." It will be found that that which is the chosen fare of the luxurious man is received with positive distaste by him who "dwells with humble livers in content." Turtle may be an aldermanic necessity, yet we are at fault if there be not some stomachs that would turn with loathing from the unaccustomed luxury. Less in his element were a field-labourer at a feast in Guildhall, than a wandering Bedouin chewing his grass stem in an Arab tent.

Even selfishly speaking, habits of discipline thus acquired will not be without fruit. They who have made themselves masters of the uses of toil may never, it is true, have to exercise their faculties in a precisely similar direction to that in which their experience was gained. They may never have to turn ship-carpenters on their own account, nor to become hewers of wood and drawers of water, nor be forced to put to sea in a coracle, and "bale out death with a pipkin;" but they

may be driven by adverse winds of fortune to exchange their black cloth for "Oxford mixture," the silk gown for the alpaca compromise, the luxuriously laid table for a board of more humble fare; they may, under the forceful whip of circumstances, be chastised into a knowledge that limbs were given for use abroad in the world's highways, and not for cradling in the lap of self-indulgence. Then, should a household be suddenly thrown into disorder, should unexpected loss of means entail the necessity of retrenchment, he who has once made himself acquainted with his own real requirements, will be enabled without difficulty to sift clear the indispensable from the needless, and, braced and strengthened, rather than depressed, by adversity, will cheerfully take up new toils, finding gain, rather than deprivation, in the putting away of some of those accustomed luxuries whose enervating influence was never suspected until their forcible withdrawal left clear the field for wholesome energies to grow. Let us all look to it. We are, for the most part, far too much the slaves of our own fancied wants. The craving for luxury is, of all desires, the one most apt to "grow with what it feeds on."

So much, then, for the uses to ourselves of a true knowledge of our real needs of life. Next, let us consider what is the value of that knowledge as affecting our dealings with those around us. Out of our savings in the way of cast-off superfluities what rest to the weary toiler, what comfort to the sick and suffering, might not be afforded! What to us would seem but an insignificant sum withdrawn from a needless and idle expenditure, would be positive wealth to the indigent and labouring poor at our doors. At seasons of extreme cold or of great dearth especially, when the needs of life are greater, and work more scarce than at most others, and when sickness, consequent on a lowered temperature, will press hardly on all who are unable to provide for themselves the clothing and the food needful to their existence, the helping hands of those richer and more prosperous might fittingly and graciously be stretched out to the relief of the suffering. No better channel is open for the expression of our own thankfulness for the better means given to us. It was a saying of the pious Madame de Miramion that "the road of the hospitals is the path to heaven." Let us walk it, then, untiringly, and let our charity be, as was said of that of a countrywoman of our own, "as the dropping of fruit all the year round." Even when we have done all in our human power for the relief of the oppressed, much of suffering and of sorrow must still remain unmitigated and unconsolated with which a Higher Will than ours can alone deal in tenderness and mercy. A beautiful expression of our mere human powerlessness to redress the evils of mortality beyond a



(Drawn by F. W. LAWSON.)

"The fatherless forgot their discontent."—p. 794.

certain point is recorded of the good and charitable Hedwiges of Hungary, the wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania. Some poor peasants came to her in tears, complaining that the servants of her husband had carried off their cattle, and that

they were suffering from the worst ills of poverty, and consequent starvation. Hedwiges went to her husband and obtained instant redress. "The cattle have been restored to them," said Hedwiges, "*but who shall give them back their tears?*" E. L. H.

NOT DEAD, BUT GONE BEFORE.

I.
NOT dead, because in memory he lives,
And all men speak of him with softer breath;
But gone before, until the grave-bed gives
Her dead up to the Lord of life and death.

II.
The great ones grieve; but not alone his peers;
The cottage fire hath burned with lower light,
And peasant eyes have known unusual tears;
Strong hearts have bowed in sorrow since that night.

III.
Helping the helpless, on his way he went;
The children kept for him their brightest beams;

The fatherless forgot their discontent;
The widow blessed him in her grateful dreams.

IV.
But now the hearth is desolate and cold;
Hunger is standing at the wretched sill;
The sheep have lost the keeper of the fold;
The fatherless are greater orphans still.

V.
The widow, weeping o'er her infant son,
The oft-told tale of misery tells o'er,
And whispers to her sleeping little one,
"Surely he is not dead, but gone before."

BURTON WOLLASTON.

A BRAVE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEEPDALE VICARAGE," "MARK WARREN," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER II.

"A CHECK."

WITH regard to his mother, Raymond was in decided disgrace. She would not hear any more of his sentiments, as she called them. She declined to discuss the points. At her age, she told him, she was not likely to desert her old principles, and the principles of her race. It made rather better of it when he told her he was about to pay a visit to Earl Lynthwaithe. But her anger against him, and her disappointment with regard to him, almost neutralised the assertion.

She did not see him off the next day, or say a word of kindness. Alice did both.

Raymond made it his first business to call on his titled relative.

Earl Lynthwaithe was a man who was more to be found in public, than at home. He had lost his wife, and his only son was travelling abroad with a tutor. Raymond had not seen him more than half a dozen times in his life. Before the Sylvesters were driven to give up their house in town, there used to be a few rather chilly family dinners exchanged between the cousins. But, on the whole, Lady Sylvester had no special liking for the man to whom the title had lapsed. It would have been her crowning ambition to have it appertain to her son: even now, in her secret heart, she often speculated on the possibility of it coming back. The merest shred of possibility, and without, as Raymond used to say, a leg to stand

on. But there were no bounds to her ladyship's aspiring tendencies!

Lord Lynthwaithe was at breakfast when Raymond called, and, on the score of his relationship, the young man was admitted without delay.

"Though I have only half an hour to spare," said he, giving Raymond two of his fingers. "Never was a public man so over-worked as I am!" And even while he spoke he was glancing his eye over some document which had just been brought to him.

"My cousin is well, I hope," added he, a minute after, and looking up at Raymond. "Won't you take some breakfast?"

"No, thank you," replied Raymond, to whom the difficulty had occurred of opening his mind to so pre-occupied a person as his lordship.

"I had some thoughts of running down this autumn for a little shooting. Newbury stands where it did, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; it stands where it did.

But by the autumn where would be the Sylvesters?"

Lord Lynthwaithe, after this slight attempt at doing the hospitable, had gone back to his document.

The half-hour was verging rapidly to a close. Unless Raymond seized the present opportunity, there is no knowing when he would get another. He therefore plunged boldly into the subject, and having considerable tact and skill, he put the case before his lordship in a few words. He ended by preferring his request for his lordship's good offices.

During Raymond's speech Lord Lynthwaithe's atten-

tion was painfully distracted between the correction of the document—the proof-sheet, in fact, of one of his own addresses—and the desire to give some decent consideration to Raymond's affairs. I am afraid the proof-sheet got the best of it.

"The fact is, my dear fellow, I am overrun with petitioners. The whole kingdom would hardly be too much to divide among them."

"I thought, as I had the honour to be a relative," began Raymond.

"Oh, of course—of course! and I will do what I can; you must leave it in my hands. By the way, I am sorry I cannot ask you to dine; but you will not be leaving town at present," and his lordship rose.

Raymond rose also, there was no help for it.

"Of course I shall be very glad to see you, when I am at home," said his lordship, ringing the bell, and ordering the carriage to the door. "Can I convey you anywhere this morning?"

"No, thank you," replied Raymond, scarcely able to conceal a touch of disappointment.

"Well, then, good morning to you. I regret excessively having to be so unceremonious, but public matters are imperative, and we have two committees this morning. *Au revoir!*" and he waved his hand smilingly.

Raymond, full of vexation, made his way into the street. Delay in his case was the thing to be most dreaded. If he had to wait for that rich berth, he perhaps should lose the chance of getting it.

He was standing in the street, looking absently after the carriage of his titled relative as it disappeared round the corner, when some one tapped him on the shoulder.

"If I guess right, sir, I am speaking to Mr. Sylvester."

The man who spoke was a stranger to Raymond.

"Because," continued he, taking what looked like a writ from his pocket, "I have a little business with you, if you have no objection."

"What is it?" asked Raymond, his face white, and his lips quivering.

"It's this, sir: I arrest you for debt!"

CHAPTER LIII.

LADY SYLVESTER IS FORCED TO RETREAT.

It was a proof of the severity of Lady Sylvester's displeasure, that she never once, during the day of Raymond's departure, mentioned his name; added to which, she seemed wholly absorbed in some business matter of her own, and Alice saw very little of her. But the next morning, this business appeared as if settled; for, soon after breakfast, Alice, who was quietly working in her own room, received a summons.

"Her ladyship wishes to speak to you," said the attendant of Lady Sylvester.

It was habitual to the family to live in a constant state of alarm; and an undefined sense of ill made Alice step hurriedly to her mother's apartment.

Lady Sylvester was, to Alice's surprise, surrounded

by various packages; and a casket, containing the old family jewels, stood on the table before her.

"Dear mother, what is the matter?" asked Alice, anxiously.

"Nothing to make you look so scared, child. Sit down, and listen to me," said Lady Sylvester, in a tone of great composure.

Alice sat down. She trembled, in spite of her mother's words. She felt sure that something of importance was going to happen.

Lady Sylvester closed the casket, and sat down, too.

"Alice," said she, "I am about to take a step which, though it may appear abrupt, has been well considered by me. I have looked at it on all sides, and am convinced that nothing else remains for us to do."

"What is it, mother?" asked Alice, fearfully.

"It is to leave Newbury; and at once."

"What! to leave the old home, mother!" cried Alice, with surprise, and yet with a certain sense of relief. If the policy might be altered with the change of residence, all would be well.

"Yes. It is impossible to hold on to it any longer. I have tried, Alice, and stood my ground to the last; but things have gone hard with me."

She paused a moment. Alice knew that she was thinking of Raymond.

"I have resolved to leave quietly, and without letting our removal get wind. We have many enemies in Newbury."

"Victims!" thought Alice, bitterly. "And where are we to go, mother?" asked she, aloud.

"That has been a matter of consideration, Alice; but I have come to a decision. There is but one refuge open to us, where we can go; I mean the Grange."

"The Grange!" and Alice started in dismay; "you do not surely mean the Grange, mother?"

"I do, Alice; I mean the Grange."

"But it is in ruins; it is a mere desolation. I cannot bear to think of it;" and she shuddered. "Oh, mother, do not take me there," added she, in a tone of entreaty; "let us find some bright, cheerful dwelling, no matter how humble, where—"

"I do not like your humble dwellings, Alice; nor will you get me to live in them," replied her mother. "Our position requires certain things of us. The Grange may not be altogether what we like; but it is our own house. There is a prestige about it, say what you will. If we take up our abode there, it will merely be a retirement from one part of our possessions to another; any other move would involve a going-down in the world; and that I shall resist to the last."

"But, mother," and Alice struggled as for life against the purpose, "you cannot realise the state of the Grange, or the utter dreariness of its surroundings. Let us go abroad; let us go anywhere, rather than there!"

"You are a silly child, Alice; and if it were left to you, the dignity of the Sylvesters would never be upheld. I tell you I have seen the Grange but

lately; and that preparations are being made for our reception."

"Oh, mother!" and Alice sat with a face of blank despair.

It was sad enough here—with loneliness, and disgrace, and danger on every side; but there, the loneliness would close round them like a shroud: there, in those vast dilapidated rooms, surrounded by marsh, and fog, and swamp—for the situation was notoriously unhealthy—they would be absolutely lost. And all to keep together the last faint shred of the worn-out purple!

But when her ladyship had made up her mind, it was like the law of the Medes and Persians. Alice knew it was vain to argue or resist; yet for a time, in her despair, she resisted. She besought and implored her mother not to take her to the Grange.

But Lady Sylvester was inexorable. There was no alternative, she said. The mortgagee was about to seize on the house, in default of payment: for the house, like everything belonging to them, was involved as deep as could be. It was quite time they withdrew, before absolute ejection came; and to no other place would she go, in the wide world, but to the Grange. And she said it in a tone that admitted of no further parley.

There was another motive for her resolution. She had determined, with the power of her iron will, to crush out all thoughts or hopes connected with Harold Blake. She had kept a keen watch on Alice. One letter had been intercepted and burnt; and Harold, unknown to her, had been dismissed without audience, or even admittance.

On this point nothing could shake her. Their fortunes, she said, were under a temporary cloud. Alice was young, and beautiful, and a Sylvester. There is no knowing to what elevation she might not attain. And Harold Blake was the overseer of a silk-mill!

Raymond, even, kept firm to this fallacy. He had not retracted all his errors, and this was one. He had chimerical ideas of the future, as far as Alice was concerned; and he set his face against the suit of Harold Blake.

It never occurred to either of them that, perchance, the battle might be too hard; and the delicate organisation unfit to prosecute it to the end. They forgot how changed she was; how she drooped and faded; and how the iron was entering into her soul. How sad was her youth; how drear the prospect before her. They forgot that the human heart has been known to break, and sorrow to kill; they forgot this!

CHAPTER LIV.

WHAT RUINED MARTHA.

"Is Lady Sylvester at home, pray?" asked a rather determined-looking man, who had just rung a loud peal at the front door of the old house.

"She is at home; but that's no reason why she should be called to chance-comers," replied the butler,

with some asperity. "And that's your way, round yon corner," and he pointed to the back part of the premises.

"My way is straight *fowards*, and that's the best for us all," replied the man, nothing daunted by the coolness of his reception. "You'd best just tell her ladyship she's wanted."

The butler paused. It was generally felt, through the whole establishment, that evil days were close at hand, and dangers were lurking everywhere. In fact, the establishment had grown to realise that it was on the eve of dissolution.

"Perhaps you had better step in, and I'll speak to my lady," said the butler, after some hesitation.

"Ah, do," replied the stranger, with the smallest possible amount of respect for the Sylvester dignity.

He waited a few minutes in the hall while the butler was gone. He was shabbily dressed, and his boots made a creaking noise as he walked up and down. He had not cared to remove his hat.

"Which shows he does not know his place, whoever he is," thought the butler, as he made his way to Lady Sylvester's apartment.

Very soon he came back again. "My lady wishes you to call again, when Mr. Sylvester has come home," was the message delivered.

"Then her ladyship, for once, won't have her wishes gratified. I mean to see her now, this very morning. You may go and tell her so."

"What a silly child you are, Alice!" said Lady Sylvester, as the girl's face grew ashy pale. "The least thing frightens you. Look at me. I am as cool and collected as I ever was in my life."

Alice did not speak. She had shrunk into a corner, and sat there trembling, not with fear—her mother misjudged her—but with shame and anguish.

She knew that some disgraceful scene was coming—that some work of ruin and dishonesty had been going on, and was about to be dragged to light; and this made her tremble.

When the man's heavy foot was heard on the stairs Lady Sylvester laid down her pen. She was writing directions for the several packages which stood outside, and which were intended for removal to the Grange. Then she leaned back in her chair. She did not flinch a hair's breadth. All the pride and the resistance of a whole line of Sylvesters was expressed in her face as the man came in.

His eye glanced round the room, first at Lady Sylvester and then at Alice. After what appeared a moment's consideration, he removed his hat.

"Well, my lady, so I've got speech of you at last," he began.

"Perhaps you will let that speech be as brief as possible," was the reply of Lady Sylvester.

"That's as happens, my lady. I've got a goodish long story to tell. With your leave I'll tell it sitting down."

A flush of anger came to her cheek, but she said nothing. The man sat down.

"Happen you'll want to know my name, and what

business I have here. Well, I'm not ashamed of my name. It's James Meadows, and I was born in Newbury."

Lady Sylvester cast down her eyes a moment; then she raised them, the unquenchable light burning as brightly as ever.

"My daughter kept a shop here, in this town. It mayn't interest you to know that I set her up in it. I'd worked hard, and saved a bit of money, and, thinks I, I'll invest it in a good thriving business, and my girl shall manage it. She was a first-rate woman of business, was my poor Martha."

It did not interest her ladyship in the least. She had taken up her pen, and was writing directions.

"So I sets her up, and goes and lives in Yorkshire, along with my wife's relations. And all would have gone well, for the girl worked early and late. I call her the girl, though she was over thirty a good bit. It's a way I've got."

Lady Sylvester went on writing her directions with great industry.

"She worked early and late, and she'd have done well, and saved money soon, but for one thing, and that thing has ruined her—*debt!*"

Alice gave an involuntary shiver. Gradually the man had ceased to address Lady Sylvester, and directed all he had to say to her. There was no lack of sympathy or of interest, here.

"Not that *she* got into debt," continued he; "it's not in our way. We never owed a sixpence, and no one was ever the loser by us, or would have been. It was *you* that did all the mischief. It was *you* that ruined my poor Martha!"

Lady Sylvester laid down her pen. "Is this all you came to say?" asked she, coldly, and without an atom of sympathy.

"No, my lady; but I'm a coming to it, if you'll have patience and hear me out. You went on having things and not paying for 'em, till you got deep into her books. Not too deep, mind ye, if you'd been honourable; but you wasn't!"

Alice hid her face in her hands. It was just the thing she feared. Perhaps worse even than that.

"You wasn't; and so it was like working in the fire. She, that's my poor Martha, got poorer instead of richer. In fact, you took the bread out of her mouth; that's what you did."

"All this is very unnecessary and impertinent," exclaimed Lady Sylvester. "I have tolerated your intrusion so far; but really, there are bounds to my endurance. When my son returns——"

"Ah! that's just it," interrupted the other. "I want to speak to you about your son."

Her attention was arrested now, in spite of herself. There was a quiver of the iron mouth, and the eyelids that had not flinched were a trifle lowered.

"You owed us three hundred pounds. The shop has to be shut, and my girl is ruined. You won't hear our complaints, or listen to what we have to say. Well, one day I get the news that Mr. Sylvester has took himself off. This is more than I can bear. It's the egg, my lady, as has broke the horse's back. It is easy to guess what course I should adopt."

The quiver was plainly to be seen now. A white ghastly look spread itself over Lady Sylvester's face.

"I went to the police, and set 'em on. I would not have let him slip if it cost my last penny. I sent after him to London. Well, I've just heard that he's been took."

"Taken! my son——"

She checked herself: it was an outbreak of feeling that, for one moment, had been uncontrollable.

"Yes, my lady, your son, and they've lodged him pretty safe in gaol by now!"

She did not speak this time. She got up, opened the window wide, and then sat down again.

"If I hadn't done it, another would. There's a dozen writs out to my knowledge, and the bailiffs will be in by night. That's all I came to say, my lady;" and he rose.

Not a muscle of her face moved as he looked at her, which he did steadily. There she sat, as proud and as defiant as ever. She was sitting thus, when he left the room.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



LITTLE Bob and Milly Pringle lived down the cellar stairs of a very high house in Cherry-Tree Court.

If you should ever happen to find yourself in the middle of Newgate Street, and you would like to see Cherry-Tree Court with your own eyes, you have only to take the first turning to the right and the second turning to the left, and you will be sure to discover it—or a place very much like it; but as you would not be justified in taking that trouble, I will place my memory at your service, begging a few moments' attention in return.

Cherry-Tree Court! does it not sound charmingly?

It reminds you of clusters of pretty white blossoms that scent the air, or later on of those fascinating red bunches of cool fruit that tempt your thirsty lips and your eager little fingers. And so you think you would like to have a Cherry-Tree Court all to yourself? Well, come and see.

This is Cherry-Tree Court. It is a narrow strip of pavement, with a shallow gutter running down the centre, and a row of tall, tumble-down houses on either side, looking as if they were intended as props to a very small roofing of sky. This is what is called a "blind alley;" that is to say, it does not lead to any other thoroughfare than that we have just left, but is closed up by a building as tall and

dilapidated as the rest of its brethren. And where is the cherry-tree? Some years ago there remained a stump to tell its story of blossom, fruit, and decay; but one hapless day many longing eyes, such as are now peering at us over soapsuds and lazy broom-handles, were cast towards the relic, and there was a storm of dispute over various claims to the possession of it. This was unexpectedly settled by the most daring of the parties—none other than Mrs. Pringle—who got up at dead of night, perseveringly sawed the little stump from the ground, and rolled it down the hole in front of the cellar window of the end house, where it was chopped up into firewood, so that there is now nothing left of our cherry-tree but the name at the corner, and even that is nearly obliterated by the smoke and steam from the eating-house next door.

And this is where little Bob and Milly Pringle lived. Mrs. Pringle kept a mangle, and over the grating that protected her cellar window she had a board hung up, which contained a highly-coloured picture of a mangle, with the legend—

MANGLING
DONE HERE

which plainly shows how Mrs. Pringle earned her living, and that she worked hard for it. She was a widow, poor woman! and Bob and Milly were all she had to care for and to care for her. You will be glad to hear that they were generally very good children to her, and helped her a little in her work; but sometimes they thought themselves wiser than their mother, and got into trouble for their pains; and what I am going to tell you about, was the great incident of their lives.

It happened on the ninth of a cold, murky November, when the street flags were very muddy, and the fog was very yellow, and upon this Lord Mayor's day Jack Frost was king. Woe to those whose fingers were ungloved, and whose boots were unsound! the nipping monarch pinched them well, you may be sure; and as for noses! they are his lawful prey, and are always within his grasp.

This morning Mrs. Pringle was up betimes—indeed she always was—and declared to Bob and Milly her intention of getting done very early to-day.

"Why, mother?" asked Bob.

"Because it's Lord Mayor's day, my dear," replied Mrs. Pringle, with the pride of a citizen.

"And will there be a Lord Mayor's Show to-day?" pursued little Milly.

"Of course there will, my child," answered her mother; "and I am going to see it to-day. Your aunt, Milly, has two windows in her house which will give a good view of it all; and she has kindly offered to let me have one of them to myself."

"But may we not go too?" asked Milly, with some apprehension.

"Oh, yes, both of you may come with me; that is, if you are good children while I am out this morning."

"Oh, won't it be fine!" exclaimed Bobby, dancing round the mangle, and Milly clapped her hands for joy. It was a great thing to look forward to, for the only shows they had seen were a monkey show, and "Punch and Judy."

"Oh, mother, dear!" added Bobby, "do tell us what it will be like."

"I haven't time to tell you all about it," said Mrs. Pringle, "for it is a very large show indeed. Imagine a thousand Punch and Judies, and it's bigger even than these would be."

"Oh, what a monster show it must be!" chorused both the children.

"Indeed it is," continued Mrs. Pringle, warming with her subject. "There are hundreds of soldiers, on horseback, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and volunteers in green and grey; and watermen in red coats and badges, carrying the most splendid flags you ever saw; and then there are the men in armour—"

"What's that?" interrupted Bobby, open-mouthed with astonishment, for he had not heard of such a thing before.

"Why, my dear, the men in armour are the brewers' draymen, who are chosen to wear the heavy coats of mail because they are such burly fellows. These iron coats of mail used to be worn by soldiers many—many years ago, to protect them from the enemy's blows; but that was long before guns and cannons were thought of. And they look such a funny set! Then there are bands of music, playing more tunes than ever you heard in your life on the street-organs that come to this place; and there are lots of fine carriages, with grand people in them; but, last of all, and finer and grander than all, is the great state carriage containing the lord mayor himself, who takes his hat off, and bows, and smiles to all the people."

The grandeur of this description was so overwhelming to the two children that neither spoke for some moments, and then they could only say "Oh!" and "Fine!" and such expressions, over and over again.

"And now, children," said Mrs. Pringle, putting on her bonnet, "I am going to take home some things. I shall be sure to be back long before the time comes for us to go to your aunt's, so do not be afraid I have forgotten you, if I don't come back as soon as you think. Above all, do not leave home till I return; and take no notice of any rumours that the Lord Mayor's Show is 'coming,' for there are some people who like to say so 'for a joke,' as they call it." So saying, Mrs. Pringle lifted the great basket upon her head and trotted out.

To say that Bobby and Milly were prepared to wait the return of their mother with the utmost calmness and patience, would be as much as to say that they were more than human; and that would not be true, for the two children were very ordinary little specimens of humanity. Bob's blood seemed turned into quicksilver, for he seemed all over the room at the same moment, and his sister was scarcely less ener-

getic in her anticipations. Every now and then they would turn to look at the clock—for Bob perfectly understood the oracle. It was a large old Dutch clock, whose measured tick-tack resounded loudly when the mangle was not working. Very soberly and deliberately went the pendulum this morning in the impatient hearing of the children, and they began to think that the clock must be going slower on purpose; it was such a hard-sounding, leisurely beat, hardly a quarter so fast as that little strange pendulum thing which throbbed so rapidly in their own breasts.

"I am sure it's going slower and slower," said Bob. "I shouldn't wonder if it wants oiling."

"Wants oiling?" echoed Milly.

"Yes; I see mother oiling it a long time ago, and praps it's got thirsty again."

"A clock-getting thirsty! Oh, you funny Bob!" laughed little Milly.

But Bob began to think where he could find the oil and feather, and was looking amongst the pots and pans to find it, when both were startled by hearing a sudden rumble in the distance.

"It sounds like thunder," said Milly, under her breath.

"Why, you silly girl, there's never no thunder in November. I'll tell you what it is," added Bob, hurriedly, as a second rumble sounded, this time a little nearer, "it's DRUMS!"

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as my name's Bob!"

"But it isn't the Lord Mayor's Show, is it, Bob, dear?" asked Milly, now becoming very much excited.

"I—I do think it is!" exclaimed Bob. "Who knows? The clock may have been going too slow, and mother may be kept waiting longer than she thought for."

"It *has* been a long time," said Milly, anxiously. "What a pity!"

"It's a shame!" cried Bob. "But I don't mean to be done out of it."

"What can we do?"

"Do! why do you suppose mother could expect us to stay in when we hear the show passing? Let us make haste and see it while we've a chance."

"But," demurred Milly, "mother said we were to be sure not to leave the house till she came back for us; so it would be wrong to go."

"Wrong fiddlestick!" was Bob's precocious exclamation. "Come along, and don't waste time in talking about it. We shan't see it at all if we do not run."

Ah, Bob! you were running away from your own conscience then, although you could talk so glibly about what "mother could expect." He took care to give Milly no time for reflection; so he seized her hand and pulled her up the stairs.

"Look sharp," he bawled; "it will be ever so far away in another minute."

They soon made their way to Newgate Street, where they found an unusual bustle of people and traffic of carriages. Several policemen were standing

about the road and bawling to the drivers to "clear out;" but the people seemed to be going their ways in pretty much the same manner as usual; and all beside that Bob and Milly could see, was a glimpse of red coats on horseback, which were fast disappearing round the corner to the tune of the "British Grenadiers."

"Oh, Milly, it's all gone by!" said Bob. "Let us run after it and catch it, if we can."

So saying, he took his sister by the arm and dragged her up the street, jolting her and himself against the elbows and knuckles of the foot-passengers; but they felt that they could run a much heavier gauntlet for the chance of seeing the wonderful show. In this way they got to Cheapside, from whence the carriages had already been banished; and where the people were strolling about the roadway. But, strive as they might, they could only see the backs of the red coats, and Bob was ready to cry with disappointment. As they neared the Guildhall, the concourse grew into a dense crowd, which occasionally swayed about so recklessly, that the two wanderers began to fear for their own safety.

"Oh, Bobby—Bobby dear! let us go home," sobbed Milly, "it's no use stopping here any longer."

"Don't go blubbing in that way," returned Bob, roughly, for he was beginning to think he had acted very foolishly throughout; "I'll tell you what, though, I shall ask that big p'liceman whether it's all over."

So saying, he went up to a tall man in helmet and blue clothes; and gazing up to him as one would gaze up at a very threatening cloud in the sky, said, "Please, sir, is there going to be any more?"

"More o' what?" snapped the policeman. He had no time to waste on small boys, for there were many grown-up "boys" there who required a good deal of vigilance to keep them in order.

"More Lord Mayor's Show," explained Bob, trembling at his own temerity in holding a conversation with so stern a limb of the law.

"Pooh! my young shaver, it aint begun yet—they's only the sogers a-goin' to the 'rongdevoo.' The Lord Mayor won't start for another hour; a look here, youngster, you'd better be clearing off, and take yourself and your sister out of harm's way."

Bobby now saw what a silly thing he had done. Only the soldiers going to the—What did he call it? And now the only thing to be done, was to make the best of their way home again. However, the resolve came too late. At that moment the blare of more trumpets sounded in the distance, and there was a blind rush round the corner to see what might be coming. Milly felt herself dragged away from her brother, and carried violently along by the force of the crush, and mercilessly tossed about hither and thither. For a little while she was conscious of the shouts and yells of the mob, mingled with cries of "stand back," and other remonstrances from the policemen; then she came violently to the ground, and knew no more for a time.

And where was Bob? He felt himself carried away

by another tide; but very soon was fortunate enough, by dint of dodging and ducking, to get clear of it—but—he had lost Milly! He went in the direction in which he thought she had gone, but nowhere could he find her. He called "Milly! Milly!" but he could scarcely hear his own voice in the fast increasing hubbub. It was now Bob's turn to "blubber;" but all the blubbering in the world would not help him, and he knew that; so after a fruitless search in any but the right direction, he resolved to run home and tell all to his mother—if she had come back—who would know what was the best thing to be done.

How guilty and wretched he felt as he sneaked through the court, and crawled down the stairs! He now began to realise more than ever the evil he had done, and the grief he would bring to his mother. She was not yet returned when he arrived there, but in another moment, when he looked up through the grated window, he saw her cheery face, which looked unusually sunny then, with the anticipation of the treat her good little children would have that day.

"Now, Bob, my dear," said she, as she came in and laid down her basket, "we will have something to eat, and make ourselves tidy and be off; just tell Milly I want her."

"Oh, mother—mother!" said Bob, crying afresh, "Milly's lost—she's lost!"

"Milly lost, child! how is that?" asked Mrs. Pringle, her face turning white with apprehension.

"Oh, mother! I've been very wicked," sobbed he; "we heard a drum, and I thought it was the show—I took her with me—and there was a crowd—and I lost her!"

"You naughty, naughty child!" exclaimed the distracted mother; "come with me, as fast as you can, to the place where you lost her—every moment makes it worse for her."

With breathless speed they ran towards the spot where the crush took place; but before they had gone through Newgate Street they met a small knot of people following a policeman, the very one to whom Bob had spoken, who carried in his arms a fainting child. There was a rough bandage round the white face, and the blood was still dropping through the matted hair. What a sickening and pitiful sight for the eyes of the people!—what a horrible and heartrending sight for a mother! It was Milly.

"I am a taking of her to the hospital, mum," said the policeman; "they'll soon make her all right at Bartholomew's. Somebody gave her a blow by accident with his cudgel and hurt her head—but cheer up! bless yer, she'll be all right."

But the mother said nothing: she only motioned to him to give her the child, and come along with her to the hospital. On she went, with a face as white and rigid as marble, Bob following her steps, not knowing how to bear the agony of his self-reproach; only feeling that he would give anything

to have been the sufferer instead of his sister, whom he had led into all this pain and trouble.

Arrived at the hospital, a surgeon was quickly in attendance, and examined the hurt.

"It is very severe," said he, gravely, "and I fear it will be fatal."

Poor, poor mother! She tried to say something, but her strength all at once forsook her, and she dropped on the floor insensible. It was some minutes before they could recover her. In the meantime the little child was fast dying, and had some sort of consciousness now. "Mother—mother!" was her last feeble cry, which proved more efficacious to the swooning one than any other restorative, for she sprang up, crying, "I am here, my child, my darling!" and looking upon the face of her little one, saw that she was not suffering now.

The bereaved mother began wailing out to her dead child, and would not be separated from the body. All at once, however, she altered her tone, and broke out into little fragments of lullabies and baby-songs, and spoke caressingly to Milly, as though she were once more a babe on her knee. At this the doctors looked pained and anxious, and the onlookers and attendants wept, while Bob looked on bewildered, as though he saw a dream.

"Poor thing," said a kind-looking nurse, answering the inquiries of the chaplain, who had just arrived; "the trouble has turned her brain."

"And who is this?" asked the chaplain, tapping Bob on the shoulder.

"Her son, I think," said the nurse. "He hardly understands it all yet, poor boy."

"Oh, please don't call me poor boy," cried out Bob; "it is all my fault that this has happened; and I wish I was dead too!"

"Hush—hush!" said the chaplain, "you must not say that. Now come and tell me all about it," added he, leading the sobbing boy to one side of the room.

Bob confessed all that he had done, to the good clergyman, who spoke gravely, but soothingly in return. "It is a lesson dearly bought," concluded he; "you have lost your sister for ever, and turned the brain of your poor mother—at least, for a time. This will teach you that the smallest act of disobedience may bring the greatest misery upon yourself and others."

I must bring my story quickly to an end. As Mrs. Pringle's only relative was too poor to keep him, Bob was sent to the poorhouse. His mother had to be taken to an asylum, until her mind should regain its balance and her body its wonted strength, which, the doctor hoped, would be the case in a month or two.

And Milly—I speak of her last, because you will be sure to think of her longest;—Milly has been removed from Bartholomew's Hospital, but not to the desolate home in Cherry-Tree Court. Little Milly's body is sleeping in a very tiny grave; and little Milly's spirit is singing in one of those far-away mansions, where there is no more sorrow, nor wandering, nor any manner of pain.